

# A Congratulatory POEM

Written by F. S.

SS

And Occasionally Published on the 23d. of April, 1685. being the CORONATION-Day of their Most Sacred Majesties, &c.

When mournful Britain droop'd her Conquering Head,  
And Gloomy Sorrow had her Face o're-spread,  
When Peals of Sighs disturb'd the gentle Air,  
And Universal Groans presag'd dispair :  
In that cross Star'd, in that disasterous day,  
When Heav'n debated, when great Caesar lay  
Strugling with Fate, that scarcely durst obey :  
And by his constant Courage had o'recome,  
All Deaths attacts had not Eternal doom  
Urg'd on his trembling darted hand and giv'n  
( Hasty to make him Habitant of Heaven )  
Commission to translate him to a Throne,  
More Glorious, Bright, and lasting than his own :  
In that sad day Clouding our Blooming Bliss,  
The Grave had swallowed all our Happiness,  
Had not most Mighty King the Powers Divine,  
Preserv'd the Glory of the Royal Line :  
'Twas you Great Sir, our Brighter Rising Star,  
Our Peaceful Monarch, and our God of War.  
That Uneclips'd our Night, and with a Ray  
Of mildest Majesty restor'd the Day :  
Dispell'd those Fears, that rising to a heighth,  
Had damp'd the Nations Genus in her Flight :  
So in Arabia's spicy Fragrant Field,  
The setting Phœnix does a Phœnix yield :  
To wing the Buxom Air, whilst all the Chóire  
Fly round her, and with eager Eyes admire ;  
Their loss repair'd, and Warble out their Joy,  
In Tunefull Natures pleasing Melody.  
No sooner was it through the Nation known,  
That You Great Prince had fill'd the Awfull Throne :  
( Yours due by Birth; and yet deserv'd by Fame,  
Of Glorious Actions, that must Crown Your Name  
Till time shall be no more ) but from each Breast,  
( With faded Lawrells ) wither'd Grief made hast :  
Mending her heavy pace urg'd on she hies  
To sorrows Region whilst our Early Joys,  
Spring fresh in every Loyal Heart and there  
Banish sad thoughts that Image of dispair,  
Nor ebb, nor stand ye still but strongly Flow,  
High as the Bars of Life will let them go :  
The Muses that in mournfull numbers sung,  
Their Harps have (now) to strains of Triumph strung,  
On the Theorbo louder than before,  
Resolving to be heard from Shore to Shore.  
With sweet Concordance discord to expell,  
From Mortal Minds, which makes their thoughts Rebell ;  
'Gainst Reasons Power to Charm the testy bold,  
Calm the Rough Soul, and Rugged Nature mould :  
As Orpheus once Chief of th' Aonian Wood,  
Chain'd with his Voice Araxis Rapid Flood.  
The Gouty Mountains stagger from their seat,  
And Rocks to follow, as he made retreat ;  
The Lyon Nobly bold, forgot his Rage,  
And Tameless Tygers thirst of Slaughter swage :

Whilst list'ning Round him, the Wood Rovers stood,  
Harmless and Mild forgetting thoughts of Blood.  
This Sacred Numbers had the Power to do  
If Fames Record be credited as true,  
But how much more a Muse Inspir'd by you.  
Favorite of Heav'n, whom Guardian Angels keep ;  
Those Eyes watch you that Strangers are to sleep ;  
Those out-spread Wings a Shady covering make  
( The Storms of Fate to dissipate and break )  
On whom th' Immortal Rod, what less can be,  
To the Vicegerent of a Deity ;  
On whom Eternal Providence does wait,  
To Crown him with a lasting happy State.  
That Providence in greatest danger seen,  
That Providence, that always step'd between ;  
When Low'ring Storms presag'd a danger near,  
Fearful for him, that ne're cou'd stoop to fear.  
Weighing the great event how Heav'n inclin'd  
To make (as everlasting design'd )  
Mankinds delight the ruler of Mankind )  
How vainly then did Mortal Men agree,  
In opposition to Heav'n's great Decree ;  
Boldly attempting to subvert a State,  
Unalt'rably fix'd by Everlasting Fate.  
A Fate, Pale, envy sunk beneath ; no spoile,  
Her Breath cou'd make the Genus of our Isle :  
Like Chrystall purg'd off the polluting stain,  
And soon its Lustre reassum'd again.  
But those hot days let dark Oblivion seize,  
Those days that brought that feavourish disease ;  
Into the minds of Men to taint the Soul,  
Blot them Immortal Fame out of thy Role :  
Least Unborn Babes their Parents Rashness blame,  
When you to after Ages shall Proclaim :  
Loud as a Fire-storm'd Cloud our Monarchs Name,  
And orderly Rank all his Glorious Deeds,  
Brighter than Crowns adorning Royal Heads.  
But stay --- the Triumph comes --- the dazzling sight,  
Beams Round about unusual cheering Light.  
So when Aurora does her Gates unfold,  
SOL Tips the Clouds with Purple, and with Gold :  
*Britains* Sole Glory in one place is met,  
To pay due Homage at Her Princes feet :  
And place the Diadem where it should be,  
Crowns dimly Shine undect with Majesty :  
The Beauty and the Wonder of her sex,  
As in desert in Royalty partakes ;  
The dear self of a Monarchs Glory shares,  
Gracing the Glittering Ornament she wares :  
Hail Royal Pair may Joys past thought await,  
Your Morning wakes when softest slumbers bate,  
And all the Blessings Heav'n has stor'd above,  
In the wide Store-house of Eternal Love :  
Like Aprils Morning Dew descend upon,  
Your Royal Heads, and long Establish'd Throne.